

SHINING TIME STATION (w.t.)

EPISODE #7
(UNTITLED)

Working Draft
By Ellis Weiner

Revised 4/4/88

From characters and series storyline
created by Britt Allcroft and
Rick Siggelkow

FADE IN

(MAIN SET: TANYA IS SEATED AT THE INFORMATION DESK, READING A LARGE FORMAT BOOK. BEAT, WHILE SHE THOUGHTFULLY TURNS A PAGE. MATT ENTERS FROM "THE STREET". THROUGHOUT, TANYA REMAINS FOCUSSED ON BOOK.)

MATT

Hi, Tanya.

TANYA

I'm reading.

MATT
(looking around)

Where's Aunt Stacy?

TANYA

Somewhere. Shhh!

(MATT MOVES "DOWN RIGHT," PEERS TOWARD LOST AND FOUND. HE CALLS IDLY, IN SING-ALONG) *Sing-along?*

MATT

Aunt Sta-cy. . . I'm here. . .

TANYA LOOKS UP AND SIGHS AND STARTS READING AGAIN.

MATT

Hel-lo? Anybody home?

MATT LOOKS AROUND SET. SEES SORRY WRONG DOOR, SHRUGS, GOES OVER, OPENS IT.

MATT

Aunt Stacy--?

(INSERT -- FOOTAGE OF POLITICAL CONVENTION: MOB, NOISE, PLACARDS, CHEERS, BAND MUSIC, CONFETTI, ETC.)

TANYA
(eyes still on book)

Tell those people I'm trying
to read!

MATT

Sorry. Wrong door.

(HE CLOSES IT, THEN COMES BACK TO INFO DESK.)

MATT (cont'd)

Come on, Tanya. Let's do
something.

TANYA

I am doing something. I'm
reading.

MATT
(peering at cover)

"A Day In the Life of an
Appaloosa." Is that about
Indians?

TANYA

No, it's not about Indians.
An Appaloosa is a kind of
horse.

MATT

Horses? Ugh. I hate horse
books.

— why?
rather change to
request to do
some activity

TANYA

Who cares? I like 'em!

MATT

But you can read at home.

What's the point of coming
here if you don't want to do
anything?

TANYA

I do want to do something!

MATT

Like what?

TANYA

I want to READ!

(SHE PICKS UP BOOK AND HOLDS IT IN FRONT OF HER FACE,
A WALL. HE LOOKS EXASPERATED. SUDDENLY MR. CONDUCTOR
APPEARS RIGHT BETWEEN THEM, STANDING ON INFO DESK.)

MR. CONDUCTOR

I wish you two would keep it
down. A person can't
study his French in peace,
with all this row.

MATT

(sullen, not amused)

Hi, Mr. Conductor.

A BEAT. THEN TANYA LOWERS HER BOOK.

MR. C.

Who else would it be?

STACY

Oh.. an angel, maybe.

MR. C.

I'm better than an angel.

Angels don't tell jokes.

AT PLATFORM ARCH: SCHEMER APPEARS -- MORE OR LESS,
SINCE HE CARRIES A STACK OF CORRUGATED CARTONS AND
BOXES PILED UP OVER HIS HEAD. HE STANDS UNEASILY,
DOESN'T SEE MR. C.

MR. C. (CONT'D)

Oh dear. This chap's no
angel either. Bye all!

(HE DISAPPEARS.)

SCHEMER

Hey, Stace, how about it?

I'm flying blind here.

STACY GOES TO HIM, AND STEERS HIM DOWN STEPS AND
AROUND INFO DESK TO ITS FRONT, UNDER ---

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Who was that guy with the
funny accent?

he hears mr. C. ??

STACY

Um, that was me, Schemer.

(imitates Mr.C) "Thanks,

luv. Just set them down

here, then."

SCHEMER LETS THE BOXES DROP WITH A THUD, LOOKS AROUND.

SCHEMER

No problem. Matt... Tanya...

a pleasure, as always.

MATT

Hi, Schemer.

TANYA

What are those for?

SCHEMER

I had these left over from

refilling the vending

machines-- candy and potato

chips and stuff. I

thought, Hey, maybe those two

fine kids wanna do

something... you know

--creative with them,

during the times they're not

enjoying themselves spending

SCHEMER
(cont'd)

money in my arcade. So here.

Go crazy.

(HE LEAVES.)

MATT

Hey, thanks, Schemer! (to
amused Stacy) Gee, that was
nice of him.

STACY

I had to talk him into it.
He wanted to sell them to
me. So! What are you kids
up to?

TANYA

Reading.

MATT

Nothing.

STACY
(sees the tension; to lighten)
Whoops. Sounds kind of
intense. Well, now, I don't
want to tell you two what to
do... but when I look at

*generate
conflict*

exaggerated conflict

*very slow
plot development*

STACY (cont'd)

all those boxes piled up like
that, all I can think of
is, Gee, that sure looks like
a bunch of giant
blocks...

TANYA PUTS THE BOOK DOWN WITH A SLAP, THEN CROSSES
OVER TO THE BOXES.

TANYA

I know. I'm going to build a
fort. Then I can get
some peace and quiet and do
whatever I want.

SHE GATHERS BOXES AND TAKES THEM BACK TO ARCADE. MATT
WATCHES, THEN STARTS WORDLESSLY COLLECTING HIS OWN.

STACY
(puzzled)

What about you, Matt? Want
to help her?

MATT

I'm going to make my own
fort. You can play by
yourself and still have fun.

(HE GATHERS BOXES AND MOVES TOWARD LOST AND FOUND.
STACY FROWNS AT THIS, DOES A HAVE-IT-YOUR-WAY TAKE AND
TIPTOES OUT.)

why frown

(ANGLE ON TANYA -- SHE MIGHT MAKE HER FORT BY STACKING THE BOXES LIKE BLOCKS. DECIDES SHE DOESN'T LIKE THE ARRANGEMENT, KNOCKS THEM DOWN, AND TRIES ANOTHER. SHE LOOKS A LITTLE FRUSTRATED...)

TANYA

I'm going to need a hundred
boxes to make this wall big
enough.

(ANGLE ON MATT -- HE MIGHT MAKE HIS BY UNFOLDING OR COLLAPSING THE BOXES INTO WALLS. BUT IT'S HARD TO GET THEM TO STAY IN PLACE...)

MATT

I like all the neat stuff
they have here. I can read
at home any time.

*weak line
needing Tanya*

(ANGLE ON TANYA -- SHE'S STOPPED STACKING BOXES IN FAVOR OF MAKING A SIGN, DRAWING ON ONE OF THEIR PANELS WITH A FELT TIP PEN IN REPEATED, ANGRY LINES
(MISSPELLED?)):

PRIVATE PROPERTY -- KEEP OUT!!!

*don't misspell
make error and
then correct*

(ANGLE ON MATT -- HE DECIDES TO MAKE A SIGN TOO (NOT HAVING SEEN HERS, THOUGH). HIS RATHER THAN USE WORDS, USES PICTURES: HE TRACES HIS HAND, WITH THE WORD STOP UNDER IT.)

MATT

There.

(ANGLE ON SET -- AN INCIDENTAL HAPPENING: A GLAMOROUS MODEL AND AN ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER BREEZE IN, OBLIVIOUS OF THE KIDS. THE WOMAN STRIKES VAMPY POSES EVERY CHANCE SHE GETS, DRAPING HERSELF OVER ANYTHING THAT WILL SUPPORT HER. THE PHOTOGRAPHER KEEPS SHOOTING. THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE ARCADE, POSING AND SHOOTING ALL THE WAY. SHE WINDS UP DRAPED OVER THE JUKE BOX, AS HE INSTRUCTS.)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes, Chloe, yes... the juke
box. It's perfect. It
says music. Yes. Make me
hear the music, Chloe.
More. I can't hear it. Make
me hear that music. I
can't hear it, Chloe. Wait a
second.

(SHE FREEZES, MID-VAMP, WHILE HE FISHES A NICKEL OUT OF HIS POCKET AND PUTS IT IN.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(cont'd)

There. Now maybe I can hear
the music.

(CUT TO)

(INT.--"INTERIOR" OF JUKE BOX. THE PUPPETS ARE IN PLACE, INSTRUMENTS POISED, BUT BICKERING.)

BASS

I was not rushing.

DRUMS

Like, you were, babe. You
were playing too fast on the
second verse.

BASS

Prove it.

DRUMS
(vastly amused)

Hey, I don't have to prove
it. Time is my thing,
okay?

(THE NICKEL DESCENDS)

REX

Whoa, now. Time isn't just
your thing, y'know. Time
belongs to everybody.

TEX

That's very well put, Rex.

REX

Thank you, Tex.

TEX

You're welcome, Rex.

*make
line more
individualistically
related to the
character*

DRUMS

Wow, no, man, I don't mean
"my thing," I mean it is my
thing. You dig?

PIANO

Um...could we sort of stop
talking and just please play
the selection?
One...two...three--

SONG: ABILENE
(CUT BETWEEN BAND, VISUALS MATT AND TANYA).

(CUT TO MAIN SET: MODEL AND PHOTOGRAPHER TRY ONE QUICK
POSE, BUT THEIR CONCENTRATION IS SHOT. UNDER SONG
INTRO--)

PHOTOGRAPHER

No, Chloe, no. It's no
good. I can't work when I
hear the music.

*why this
not well enough explained*

(SHE GIVES ONE ENORMOUS POUT, THEN LEADS THE WAY OUT
THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH THEY ENTERED. THE SONG PLAYS.
MATT AND TANYA BOTH LISTEN, MAYBE TRADE A GLANCE AT
EACH OTHER.)

(N.B. PUPPET BAND SONG, POSSIBLY "ABILENE")

(CUT BETWEEN BAND, RAILROAD VISUALS/MATT, TANYA)

(END THIS SEQUENCE ON TANYA: "SAFE" AT LAST WITHIN HER
FORT, SHE DOESN'T LIKE IT, AND LEAPS UP TO STOMP OVER
TO HARRY'S OFFICE. EN ROUTE SHE SPEAKS TO MATT, NOT
LOOKING AT HIM.)

TANYA

I'm going to talk to my
Grandpa. You can't come.

MATT

Who wants to?

(SHE STOMPS THROUGH DOOR.)

(CUT TO: INT. HARRY'S OFFICE -- HARRY IS TINKERING
WITH SOMETHING AT WORK BENCH. TANYA MARCHES OVER AND
DEMANDS HIS ATTENTION.)

TANYA

Grandpa, what do you do when
you're right and somebody
else is wrong and they won't
listen?

HARRY

Hold your horses. (Finishes
with something puts it
down) Now, send that through
again?

TANYA

Matt wants to play, but I
want to read, and he won't
let me.

an unintended
pun.
use railroad term
instead

HARRY

He won't "let" you, huh. Did
he make a lot of noise
and steal your book? Tie you
up and throw you in the
closet? Something like that?

TANYA

No. but he said I should
read at home. He said we
have to do things together
when we come here.

] exaggerated
and
anti-cooperation

HARRY

Ah-ha... sounds like he'd
rather you did what he
wants to do.

TANYA

Yeah! And that's not fair.

(HARRY GETS A LITTLE SMILE FROM THIS, REGARDS HER
SILENTLY FOR A SECOND, HE PUTS HIS WORK DOWN AND FACES
HER.)

HARRY

Isn't a question of fair.
It's a question of point of
view. He's got his, and
you've got yours. gotta

Good
set up this
theme better

repeat point of view
difficult concept for 7 y olds — explain
what this
means

HARRY (cont'd)

find where they come
together, is all.

(SHE LOOKS BLANK. HE TRIES AGAIN. HE GESTURES TO
PICTURE OF TRAIN ON WALL.)

HARRY (cont'd)

Let's say you're the train
engine up there. And
there's something big on the
track up ahead, like a
load of hay or a broken-down
car or something--

TANYA

a mountain of
Jelly beans!

HARRY
(annoyed)

Have it your way. Jelly
beans. Now you're the
engine. It's very important
not to crash into all
those jelly beans.
Naturally, you don't want
to . . .

TANYA

I would! It sounds great!

HARRY

Not to an engine, it
doesn't. Now say you're the
caboose. How much do you
care about the jelly beans
now?

confusing

why switch

TANYA
(shrugs)

Not much. They'll all be
smashed by the time I get up
to them.

HARRY

Okay. Now who's right? And
who's wrong?

? ? under

TANYA

Nobody. The engine is the
engine, and the caboose is
the caboose.

poor sample

HARRY

That's right. They each have
their own point of view.
Just like people. It isn't a
question of right or
wrong. Everybody has their
own personal timetable, and
their own set of tracks. So
what you want is to work
together to make things run
smooth for everybody.
(beat --doubtfully) That
make any sense?

TANYA

(thinks hard; very seriously)
Yes it does, Grandpa. It's
very helpful.

no it doesn't

(CUT TO: MAIN SET -- MATT IS SITTING IN HIS FORT --
WALLED-IN, UNSURE WHAT TO DO NEXT. HE LOOKS GRUMPY.)

MR. C. (O.S.)

Comfy, lad?

(REVERSE ANGLE: MATT SEES MR. C. PERCHED ON THE INFO.
DESK.)

(RESUME)

MATT

Sort of.

MR. C.

Got enough food and water?

MATT

What for?

MR. C.

Why, in case they attack, of
course.

MATT

In case who attacks?

MR. C.

In case who attacks? Pop on
over to the Anything Door
and you'll see.

(MATT WARILY GOES OVER, UNDER--)

MR. C.

I warned you. Here they
come...

MATT

(at door, just before opening)

Who, Mr. Conductor?

MR. C.

Everybody!

(ANGLE ON DOOR: MATT OPENS)

(INSERT: MONTAGE OF ATTACKING FORCES -- NUMEROUS AND INCONGRUOUS ENOUGH TO BE SILLY: INDIANS, DESERT TROOPS ON CAMELS, SPACE SHIPS, SCHOOLS OF FISH, KIDS, ARMIES, ETC.)

*no sensitive about
stereotypes*

(SFX: CAVALRY CHARGE! BUGLE, HORSES, WHATEVER.)

(RESUME -- MATT CLOSES DOOR CALMLY. SILENCE.)

MATT

Come on, nobody's going to
attack.

MR. C.

Why do you need a fort,
then? ^hOf dear, look who's
coming...

(SCHEMER ENTERS FROM STREET. MR. C. DISAPPEARS --)

MATT

(shrugs -- doesn't see Mr. C.
is gone)

Tanya made one. So I made
one too. She got mad at me,
so I got mad at her.

much ado about nothing

SCHEMER
(chuckling)

Hey, I hear ya, Matt-man. So
you and Tanya had a

SCHEMER
(cont'd)

little tiff, eh? (draws him
in; confidential) I'll tell
you what always works for me,
kid. Play dumb. Like
you don't know what they're
upset about. Drives 'em
crazy!

→ 7 unclear →
bad advice

MATT

I don't want to drive anybody
crazy.

SCHEMER

Oh, hey, of course not! Me
neither! (slaps him on the
back -- too hard) I love it,
kid. Remember -- play
dumb.

(HE PROCEEDS THROUGH PLATFORM ARCH. MR. C. REAPPEARS.)

MR. C.

Advice from the master. Look
here, Matt. Just because
friends may disagree with

MR. C.
(cont'd)

each other doesn't mean
they're not still friends,
you know.

MATT

But what do I do now?

MR. C.

There are two things you
could do, actually. One is,
go head to head with your
friend in a real knock-down,
drag- out competition. Like
when Thomas had that race
with Bertie. Remember that?
Who could forget it! I
certainly can't!

what's the other

*Thomas episode
here?*

MATT

I don't know that story.

MR. C.

Splendid! Then you can't
forget it either.

doesn't work

MATT

That doesn't make sense.

MR. C.

It makes perfect sense. You
have to really know
something before you can
forget it, right? So if
you never knew it, you can't
forget it!

MATT

I don't think it works that
way.

MR. C.

That means that the people
who have forgotten the most,
are the ones who knew the
most to begin with! I mean,
that's logical, isn't it?

MATT

Well, yeah, but no, not
really--

MR. C.

-- which means that the
people with the worst
memories are all geniuses! I
should write that down,

awkward

(SHE GLANCE BACK AT MATT, SEES HIM LOOKING AT HER,
AND QUICKLY TURNS AWAY, TOWARD THE MACHINE, AND STARTS
TURNING THE HANDLE.)

TANYA

Oh, this looks interesting.

(CUT TO)

(MUSICAL NUMBER - FLEISCHER - SUN AND SNOW AND
SEASONS.)

(CUT TO)

(MAIN SET -- STACY ENTERS FROM PLATFORM, BRISK BUT
CONCERNED. MR. C. IS NOT VISIBLE.)

STACY

All right, Matt. Schemer

says you and Tanya had a big

exaggerated

argument. He's laughing

himself sick over it. Did

you?

MATT

Aunt Stacy, it wasn't any big
deal --

that's right

STACY

Is it all settled?

MATT

Well, yeah. I don't know.

Sort of. Not really. No.

STACY

Oh, what silliness.

(SHE GOES OVER TO STATION HOUSE, LOOKS UP AT IT.)

STACY

Mr. Conductor? Mr.

Conductor, could you come
down here, please?

(ANGLE ON SET: MR. C. APPEARS -- BEHIND HER, ON
HANDRAIL OF STEPS TO PLATFORM. HE MOTIONS FOR MATT
AND TANYA (WHO HAS WANDERED OVER) TO BE QUIET. HE
WATCHES STACY.)

STACY (CONT'D)

(eyes still on station
house)

Mr. Conductor, come on.

Please? I'd like your help
with something. (no reply;
snorts) Never here when
you need him.

(SHE TURNS, SEES MR. C. WAVING COYLY AT HER--)

MR. C.

You summoned me, Madam?

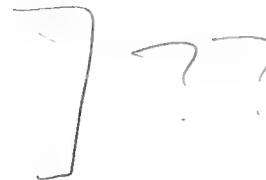
(-- AND SHRIEKS IN FRIGHT. MATT AND TANYA BOTH START,
AND LAUGH.)

(STACY COLLECTS HERSELF, SEES THEM LAUGHING, AND
STARTS TO SMILE TOO. SHE MOTIONS TO THE KIDS.)

not in her
character

STACY

Come on, you two. Friends
again?



(MATT AND TANYA LOOK AT EACH OTHER ACROSS THE ROOM --
AND HESITATE.)
(STACY LOOKS EXASPERATED, TURNS TO MR. C.)

STACY

Will you please talk to them?

MR. C.

I tried talking. I think
something else may be called
for.

STACY

Like what?

MR. C.

I was rather thinking along
the lines of a gigantic
pair of trousers.

STACY

Ha ha. Come on. Mr.
Conductor, you know
me. Everything I say
is serious.

(HE MAKES A MOTION, OR WHATEVER INITIATES MAGIC, AND
--- MATT AND TANYA ARE SUDDENLY YOKED TOGETHER IN A
GIANT PAIR OF PANTS. MATT IS SURPRISED, TANYA IS MAD.)

TANYA

Hey! Let me out!

MR. C.

I know they're a bit ample.

But we can take in the
waist, and bring the cuffs up.

TANYA

You did this!

(SHE STARTS TO CHARGE HIM -- AND DRAGS MATT WITH HER.
BOTH GO TUMBLING, THRASH AROUND IN THE MATERIAL,
FINALLY COME TO THE SURFACE. STACY IS LAUGHING. THE
KIDS CATCH THEIR BREATH. MR. C. WAVES FROM NEARBY.)

MATT

(To Tanya)

Okay, hold it. Let's count
to three, and then both go
in that direction. Ready?

MR. C.

Of course the marvelous thing
about these pants is that
you can grow into them.

TANYA

Ready!

MATT

One...two...

TANYA

--three!

(THE KIDS GO CHARGING AT MR. C., WHO VANISHES AT THE
LAST SECOND. THE KIDS GO SPRAWLING -- AND BOTH START
LAUGHING.)

STACY
(laughing)

Up! Get up! You can still
catch him!

MR. C.

Anything is possible, with
the power of co-operation.

superficial

(THE KIDS GET UP AND PREPARE TO CHARGE. MR. CONDUCTOR
IS POSITIONED BETWEEN THEM AND STACY)

MATT

Ready? CHARRRRGE!

(THEY CHARGE MR. C --)

MR. C.

Ta -ta for now, all!

(--AND DISAPPEARS. THEY RUN INTO STACY, WHO CATCHES
THEM. ALL GO DOWN IN A HEAP. THEY CATCH THEIR BREATH:
THE KIDS ARE ON THEIR KNEES.)

STACY

Probably the one good thing
about a fight is that it's
so much fun to make up.

Right?

(MATT HESITATES. STACY GIVES HIM A GIGANTIC NUDGE
WITH HER ELBOW. HE SMILES.)

MATT

Right.

STACY

Right?

(TANYA LOOKS CROSS -- THEN BREAKS INTO A SMILE AND
NODS.)

TANYA

Right!

(THE KIDS SHYLY HUG. STACY PULLS THEM LIGHTLY APART
AND POINTS TO--)
(SCHEMER WALKING COCKILY IN FROM THE PLATFORM.)
(STACY AND KIDS SCRAMBLE UP, HIDING THE PANTS ON THE
FLOOR BEHIND THEM. WE CAN'T SEE THE PANTS, AND
NEITHER CAN SCHEMER, HE EYES THE THREE SUSPICIOUSLY).

SCHEMER

What. Something's going on.
Give.

STACY

Oh, nothing, Schemer. Just
some new pants. In the
latest style. We thought you
might want to buy a pair.

SCHEMER

No way, Stace. I get my
clothes wholesale downtown.

MATT

Aunt Stacy, we could give
them to Schemer as a
present. For free.

TANYA

As long as he promises to try
them on for us.

STACY

Can't beat that, Schemer.

SCHEMER

Yeah. Why not? Sure. Let's
take a look.

(THE THREE, GIGGLING, SPLIT APART TO REVEAL --
NOTHING. THE PANTS HAVE DISAPPEARED)

STACY

They were just here!

SCHEMER

Hey. I'm a busy man, Stacy.

I don't need "jokes", okay?

(HE WALKS OFF. STACY AND THE KIDS START A PUZZLED
SEARCH ALL OVER THE STATION, UNDER --)

CLOSING CREDITS

why disappear